

## Smooth It Out

### Tiny Moving Parts

It's like second-hand smoke in your lungs  
You cough, you cough, you cough, you cough, you cough  
But it's okay  
It's a phase, they say  
Breathing is just temporary medicine  
Nothing seems to matter  
When no one needs noticing  
The missteps, the smoke breaks  
It's all in your head they say

Try to smooth it out  
Scan an open road, distort the traffic  
Never getting used to these second guesses  
I can't pretend these things never happened  
In every silence, there is a static  
There is a static  
So I'll try to smooth it out  
It's whatever  
Let me be the weight on your shoulders  
I'll try to smooth it out

I will starve myself  
I will do anything  
'Cause you yawn  
To turn life mute  
I will starve myself  
I will do anything  
'Cause you yawn  
To turn life mute  
I will starve myself  
I will do anything  
To help

Scan an open road, distort the traffic  
Never getting used to these second guesses  
I can't pretend these things never happened  
In every silence, there is a static  
Scan an open road, distort the traffic  
Never getting used to these second guesses  
I can't pretend these things never happened  
It's all in your head

It's like second-hand smoke  
(You cough, you cough, you cough, you cough, you cough)  
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(You cough, you cough, you cough, you cough, you cough)  
The missteps, the smoke breaks  
It's all in your head